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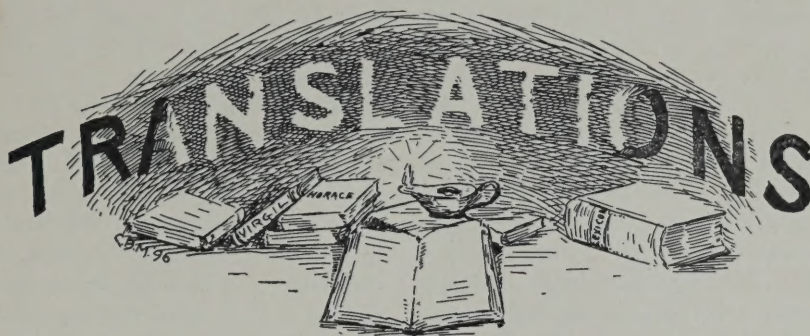
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THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

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DEPARTMENT EDITOR—HELEN TOMPSON, '01.

Horace. Ode XXII.

That man who blameless is and free from crime,
Needs no strong weapons and no Moorish spear—
Nor yet the bow or arrow swift in flight
And poisoned, O Fuscus.

Whether through stormy Syrtes goes his way,
Or through the rudest haunts of Caucasus,
Or else along those realms Hydaspes washed,
Hydaspes known to fame.

For there while I was singing of Lalage,
Careless I roamed beyond my boundaries far,
Into the Sabine wood from whence a wolf
Fled from me, though unarmed.

In truth a monster such as Dannias
Had never cherished in the land of oak,
Such as the land of Juba, lion nursed,
Had never yet produced.

Place me on plains where no tree is refreshed
By summer breezes. In some dreary spot,
Where ever lowering darkly there dost pall
A Heaven adverse to me.

Or place me in that most deserted land,
Nearest the chariot of the mighty Sun,
There ever joyous laughing, with soft speech,
Ever I'll love Lalage.

TRANSLATED BY GLADYS WAIT, '00. PUT IN VERSE BY L. A. BLACKMAN, '00.

From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

The Last Class: Story of a Little Boy of Alsace.

That morning I was very late in going to school and I was very much afraid of being scolded, because M. Hamel had told us that he should question us on participles, and I did not know the first word. One moment the idea came to me of staying away from the class and walking across the fields. The day was so warm, so bright! One could hear the black-birds singing on the verge of the forest,

and in the meadow behind the saw-mill, the Prussians were drilling.

All this attracted me much more than the rule of the participles; but I was forced to resist. I ran very quickly toward the school, and in passing before the town-hall, I saw some people who had stopped near a bulletin board covered with a wire grating. For two years all our bad news had come from there, the lost battles, the

demands, the orders from headquarters; and I thought without stopping, "What is it now?" Then I ran along and entered the yard of M. Hamel all out of breath. Generally, at the commencement of the class there arose a great noise that could be heard even in the street, the opening and shutting of desks, the repeating aloud of the lessons, and the great ruler of the teacher who tapped on the table: "A little more quiet!" I was counting on all this noise to reach my seat without being seen; but that day everything was quiet as on a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades already at their places, and M. Hamel who was passing and repassing with that terrible iron ruler under his arm. I wrest open the door and enter in the midst of this great calm. You wonder whether I was afraid.

Well, no. M. Hamel looked at me without anger and said very sweetly to me, "Take your place quickly, my little Franz; we were going to begin without you." I quickly took my seat at my desk. Then only, a little recovered from my fright, I noticed that our teacher had on his beautiful green frock-coat, his plaited ruffles and his cap of embroidered black silk which he wore only on days of inspection or the distribution of prizes. Besides, the whole class had an extraordinary and solemn appearance. But what surprised me most was to see on the benches that were usually empty, the village people seated and silent like us.

While I was wondering at all this, M. Hamel had risen and in the same sweet, sad voice with which he had received me, he said to us: "My children, this is the last time that I shall have your class. The order has come from Berlin that no longer shall anyone but a German teach in the schools of Alsace-Lorraine. The new teacher comes to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French. I shall expect you to be attentive." These few words overwhelmed me. Ah! the wretches, that is what they had fixed in front of the town hall. My last lesson in French! And I who scarcely knew how to write. Then I should never learn. My books,

which a moment before I found so annoying, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my sainted history, seemed to me then old friends, which it would give me much pain to leave. It was the same with M. Hamel. The thought that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget the punishments he had inflicted on me. Poor man!

I was at this point in my reflections when I heard my name called; it was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to have been able to say all that famous rule of the participles, very loud, very distinctly, without a fault! but I became embarrassed at the first words, and I remained standing, balancing myself at my seat, my heart full of desire, but not daring to say a word. I heard M. Hamel, who was saying to me: "I will not scold you, my little Franz, you must already be punished enough. This is how it is. Every day we say to ourselves, 'I have time enough, I will learn tomorrow.' And then you see what comes. Ah! that has been the great misfortune in our Alsace in always putting off instruction until to-morrow. Now these people are right who say of us: 'What! you pretend to be French and you neither know how to speak or write your own language!' In all this, my poor Franz, it is not you who are the most to blame. We all have our share of reproach to bear in this. Your parents have not been anxious enough to see you taught; they preferred to send you to work. And have I nothing to reproach myself for? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of studying; and when I wished to go fishing, did I ever hesitate to give you a day off?"

Then, M. Hamel began to speak to us of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, that it was necessary to keep it always among us and never forget it, because when a nation is enslaved, as long as it keeps its language it is just as if it had the key to its prison. Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson; I was astonished to see how well I understood. All that he told me seemed easy, I also believe that I had never listened so well, and that he had

never shown as much patience in his explanations. Anyone would have said that before going away, the poor dear man wished to give us all his knowledge, to make us understand it all at once.

The lesson finished, we passed to writing. For that day M. Hamel had prepared us some entirely new examples, on which were written in a firm round hand: *France, Alsace! France, Alsace!*

You should have seen how industrious each one was; and what silence! Nothing but the scratching of the pens on the paper could be heard. One moment some insects entered, but no one paid any attention, not even the little children, who worked in tracing their straight lines with a heart, a conscience, as if that too were French.

On the roof of the school the pigeons were cooing softly, and I said to myself as I listened, "Will they make them also sing in German?" From time to time, when I raised my eyes from my page, I saw M. Hamel, motionless in his chair, fixedly regarding the objects around him, as if he wished to carry away in his memory all his little school-house.

Think! for forty years he had been there in the same place with his class before him. The benches and desks were

worn with use; the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine that he himself had planted was now encircling the windows up to the roof. What courage this poor man must have to leave all this, and to hear his sister who was coming and going in the chamber above, packing their trunks! For they were going away the next day, to leave the country forever.

All the same he had the courage to hear our class to the end. After writing we had history; then the little children sang together.

Suddenly the clock on the church struck noon, then the Angelus. At the same instant the trumpets of the Prussians, who were coming back from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel arose, very pale. Never had he appeared so grand to me. "My children," said he, "I—I—" but something choked him, he could not finish his sentence.

Then he turned to the black-board, took a piece of chalk, and then bearing down with all his force, he wrote as large as he could, "Vive la France!" Then he remained, his head leaned against the wall, and without speaking he motioned to us, "It is finished—you may go."

ISABELLA M. STONE, '01.

From the German of Rudolph Baumbach.

The Christmas Rose.

Do you know the Christmas rose? It does not grow upon the plains, but among the mountains it is known to every child. It is called the snow-rose here, white sneeze-wort there, and the Christmas rose because it blossoms at Christmas time. Its unfolded flower, the size of a hundred-leaved rose, is snow-white, though once in a while it is tinted with a delicate blush, like a glacier at sunrise, and he who is not acquainted with the home of the flower, takes it for the child of a distant zone, so beautiful is it to look at.

There is something of peculiar interest

connected with the Christmas rose, and who ever wishes to know its origin, let him listen.

In a fertile Alpine valley, through which a stream fed by glacier water rolls its foaming waves, a castle with towers and walls stood upon a hill, in days gone by. Farther down the stream pious monks had built a stately monastery, and between castle and monastery lay a feudal estate. Today the castle lies in ruins, the monastery still stands, and the feudal estate in the course of time has grown into a market town.

It was long, long years ago at Christmas

time and in the valley it was more lonely and quiet than usual, for whoever could carry sword and spear had marched away over the mountains to Italy with the count to whom the castle and the land belonged.

The freeholder, too, as the count's man, had left his estate, and although he had a warlike disposition, it was a sad parting for him, for he had to leave behind a young beautiful wife, and a little girl, three years old.

Christmas was near at hand. In the hall of the feudal manor the hearth-fire crackled, and busy maids in linen aprons mixed and kneaded dough for the sweet holiday cakes. Frau Walpurga, the mistress of the house, was not present. She sat with a sorely troubled heart at the bed of her child, who tossed her little head, glowing with fever, restlessly to and fro. At the other side of the sick bed stood a monk with shaven head and gray beard. He was Father Celestin of the monastery, a pious man, versed in medical science. He examined the sick child with searching eyes, shook his head, and was about to mix a drink from medicines he had brought with him.

Heavy steps were heard outside in the corridor, and an old man stepped into the sick room. In his left hand he held a wide brimmed hat, in the right, a lamb carved from wood. The man was the shepherd of the estate. He cast a dark glance at the monk, then stepped to the bed and held the lamb before the child. He had made two coal-black eyes with pine soot, and a red mouth with berry-juice, but the child had no eyes for the plaything. The mother sighed, and the shepherd went out again from the room, as softly as he could. The monk gave the child a dose of medicine, offered good consolation and went away also. Mother and child were alone.

The remedy of the physician appeared to do the feverish child good. She fell into a deep slumber, and slept past noon time. But as the sun went down, she became restless again, her brow glowed like fire, and she spoke incoherent words. Suddenly she raised herself on the pillow and

said:—"Look, mother, see the beautiful lady and the many little children, and the lady gives me roses, white roses!" Then she fell back again and closed her eyes. But Frau Walpurga fell upon her knees, and sobbed softly:—"The child has seen the heavenly angels; she must die."

The mother did not long yield to her anguish. She hurried to the door and called to the servants to send a messenger for Father Celestin. But all had gone to the cloister church to hear the Christmas mass. Only an old lame woman had remained behind as guardian of the hearth-fire. Frau Walpurga ordered her to put out the fire and to remain with the child. Then she wrapped herself in her cloak, left the court, and hastened to the cloister as quickly as she was able.

The sun had already set, only the peaks of the mountains still gleamed in ruddy gold. In the valley the twilight had now spread its gray veil over the snow fields. No living creature was visible, only two crows flying towards the woods with slowly flapping wings. Far in the distance a light shone through the mist. It came from the lighted windows of the cloister-church, and following the gleam, the mother hastened over the crunching snow with a heart full of anguish.

Suddenly she stopped and her breath faltered. Out from the wood came a long procession of misty figures, foremost, a tall and beautiful woman in a flowing robe. After her tripped a crowd of pale-faced little children clothed in white garments.

Trembling, the woman hid herself behind a tree and let the procession pass on. Last of all came a child who could not follow the others well, for it tripped on its dress which trailed on the ground. Then Frau Walpurga forgot her sorrow and overcame her dread. She stepped close to the child and tucked up its robe, so that it could keep pace with the other children.

And the pale, beautiful lady turned her face to the benevolent one, smiled at her, and pointed with her forefinger to the ground at her feet.

At this moment the sound of the cloister bell trembled through the air, the proces-

sion vanished like the mist which the wind disperses, and Frau Walpurga stood alone in the twilight upon the snowy plain.

With timid steps she approached the place towards which the apparition had pointed with her hand, and her heart rejoiced. A bush had grown up from the ice-covered ground, bearing green leaves and white roses.

"These are the flowers which my child saw in her dream," cried Frau Walpurga; then she plucked three blossoms and returned to the manor with hasty steps.

By the sick bed she found the old woman and the shepherd. He did not think much of the friar's skill, so he had prepared a drink, and given it to the little girl.

Frau Walpurga stepped before the bed, laid the three roses upon the cover and looked upon the child with anxious expectation. She grasped the flowers with trembling little hands, held them to her face, and sneezed loud and strong.

"God bless you," cried mother, shepherd and maid. Then the child asked for a drink, turned its head on the side, and fell asleep.

"Now the sickness is broken," said the shepherd. "My drink and the sneezing have saved the child. But where did you get these roses, madam?"

Softly Frau Walpurga told the old man what had happened to her.

"That was no other than Frau Berchta, with the fairy folk," declared the shepherd. "She wanders at Yuletide, and my father has seen her, too. Formerly she lived over there on the Frauenstein, but when the monks built their monastery, she

went away, and only at Yuletide does she show herself, and bless the land. It was your good fortune, madam, that you offered the sprite assistance. Frau Berchta is a gentle lady, and rewards every service which one renders her."

Again Frau Walpurga sat alone at the bed side of her child. It held the three roses in its closed hand, and its breath came peacefully and easily. Only once it murmured in its sleep, as from the cloister came the sound of the organ and the hallelujah of the monks, "Gloria in excelsis." But the mother knelt down and prayed long.

When Father Celestin came the next day, to see the sick child, she was sitting upright in the bed and playing with the lamb which the shepherd had carved for her.

"Frau Walpurga," said the delighted physician, "the fever has vanished. It was indeed a precious drink which I gave the child. I hope you will show your gratitude to the cloister."

But Frau Walpurga drew the monk aside and told him truly, what had happened to her on Christmas eve. And he said, "Madam, a high favor has been conferred on you. You have gazed with your own eyes upon Heaven's queen and the holy cherubs in her company. It was our dear Lady who gave you the three roses, the mother of our Lord."

But the flower, which had grown up in the foot-prints of Heaven's queen, or was it Frau Berchta? bore seed and increased in the land, and later, according to trustworthy testimony, worked many miracles.

LAURA I. BLACKMAN, '00.





DEPARTMENT EDITOR — MARGARET MITCHELL.

Incidents in DeQuincey's Later Life.

De Quincey's most peculiar charm was his soft and rhythmic utterance. This exquisite cadence lent a singular charm to the most grotesque idea.

Harmonizing so well with his beautifully chiselled features was his gentle, refined manner. He once suffered many weeks of agony as a result of his extraordinary politeness. He was eating his dinner and had rung the bell, but in his dreamy mood had quite forgotten it. He, moreover, had not noticed the gentle tap at his door and was just taking up a morsel of potato when he observed his landlady in the doorway. Startled at his own forgetfulness and not wishing to replace the food on his plate or keep his anxious attendant waiting for orders, he swallowed it.

The consequences were exceedingly painful. The potato was extremely hot and the whole passage to the stomach was severely burned. He bore the pain with the greatest patience and gradually recovered from the ill effects without medical aid.

De Quincey never tired of enumerating the beneficent powers of opium. During the bitter Scotch winters his friend suffered a great deal from pain in the chest. De Quincey often tried to persuade him to take opium, which he assured him would speedily alleviate the discomfort. But his persuasions were of no avail as this man had a great dread of the drug.

There is a certain unpleasant insect known to the British householder as—a bug. Once

De Quincey spied one in his room which filled him with unspeakable alarm. The vision of sudden death in "The mail coach" or living in a Swiss village about to be buried by an avalanche were mere trifles, ordinary accidents of life compared with this new and awful calamity. His friend was called several times to consider the possibilities of the present danger.

"Suppose," he said, "that this wretched insect has a companion and that this companion, relative or otherwise, should unknown to me, force its way to the canopy of my bed. And suppose that I should be asleep and that in an unguarded moment I should suddenly open my mouth ever so little, and suppose that this poor foolish bug whose education has most probably been grossly neglected by its parents, should at that instant be right overhead and in a careless moment relax its hold and tumble. Oh, horror, can you imagine anything more revolting!"

This charming impassioned picture, so powerfully drawn by the hand of a master, at first nearly sent his friend into a fit with laughter. He calmed De Quincey's fears by telling him it was probably only an adventurous traveller. This proved an interesting subject for debate but soon led into such subjects as dreams of animals and the amount of education the inferior animals bestow upon their offspring.

No matter how large the table might be at which De Quincey worked, he always

wrote at the very extremity of one corner. The rest would be piled with books and manuscripts in the most disorderly confusion. Most likely he had some secret arrangement in the way he put these things down. If suddenly moved in the least, it seemed to give a momentary shock to the owner.

The most peculiar, but seemingly important part of De Quincey's literary equipment was his famous brush which was often carried about in his hip pocket. Its length was about ten inches. In pauses of conversation, he would take a page of manuscript from the table and carefully brush it, first on one side, then on the other. After thoroughly scrubbing it in

at least three positions, the leaf was carefully replaced with an air of satisfaction and evident increase of serenity.

The subjects which exercised the most permanent fascination over De Quincey were "Thuggism in India" and the "Cagots of Spain and France." Many times he would draw word pictures to his friend on these subjects. Sometimes on the spur of the moment, he would introduce passages of unearthly beauty and pathos. His friend has said that the melodious voice of De Quincey seemed to lift him by some magic far away from the dimly lighted room to behold scenes which no Dante has ever described.

JOSEPHINE H. FERNALD, '00.

The Battle of Gettysburg.

The Confederate army was never more complete in numbers, equipment, and discipline than in the summer of 1863. They had five hundred thousand men on their army rolls. Elated by their success at Chancellorsville, where they were greatly outnumbered, they now felt a superiority over the Northern soldiers. Along the first of June the Confederates started on the invasion of Pennsylvania. The Union forces in the Shenandoah valley were swept away by the Confederates' advance.

General Meade was placed in command of the army of the Potomac on June 28, while Hooker was relieved. Lee was preparing to cross the Susquehanna river, when he heard of Meade's advance to the north to meet him, and that the head of Meade's column was already at South Mountain. On July 1, Bedford's cavalry came in contact with the Confederate advance. General Reynolds, who went to Bedford's aid, fell dead while leading his men. Meade next sent Hancock to the scene of action, and the report which was made induced him to give battle the next day under General Sickles, who was wounded. At 4 P. M. Lee opened fire with a terrible cannonade and made an at-

tack on the Union left. The Nationals met their assault steadily but were about to be driven back when General Warren seized a hill called Little Round Top.

By this he saved the day. On the right the attack was not made until sunset, where the Confederates seized Culp's Hill. On July 3 the battle began once more, and after a hard-fought four hours' contest the Federals under General Geary regained Culp's Hill. A pause then ensued until 1 P. M. when Lee's one hundred and fifty guns broke the silence; first a gun on the extreme left opened, and then one after another until all of the cannon were belching forth their thunder. The whole line of Confederate artillery had been fired before the Union side replied. However, they soon came into action and sent shells screaming over the plain into the woods beyond.

At first the Union forces would not obey the command to seek cover, but when the shells of the Confederates began to drop among them they began to crouch down in the trenches or lie behind rocks. When cannon on the Union side became too hot to handle they were limbered up and taken away, while a fresh battery was brought up

in its place. For two hours the terrible duel lasted, until one by one the pieces slackened fire until at last silence again reigned over the battle-field. In a short time the Confederates, preceded by a large number of skirmishers, charged across the plain which separated the contending armies.

They were literally mowed down by the fire of the Union artillery, still they advanced with a rush. They gained the crest of Cemetery ridge, but here they were repulsed, cut down, and broken. Hancock was wounded and gave up his command to Gibbens. The Confederates were now in full retreat, and when they were out of range of muskets the shells from the Union guns cut them down by scores.

A charge was now made by the Unions but they were repulsed with heavy loss.

The battle was over, with Lee in full retreat across the Potomac, and with him retreated the hopes of the Confederacy. This was the turning point of the war; if Lee had won the battle and marched to Philadelphia, captured it, and then New York, foreign countries soon would have proclaimed the Confederacy free. They never gained any decided success after this battle, which is regarded as one of the most hard-fought battles that was ever fought. The loss on each side added together would comprise a large army in itself; the Union loss was twenty-three thousand killed, wounded and missing; Lee left seven thousand five hundred wounded on the field, lost thirteen thousand prisoners and perhaps had twelve thousand men killed, wounded and missing. Such is the glory of war.

MONROE M. SMITH, '03.

An Embarrassing Position.

It was one of those beautiful days in spring when everything in nature is joyous, and when it is next to impossible to attend to any duty within doors, the one desire of all being to go out.

Van Low, in his room at college, was yawning over his books, and vainly trying to fix on his mind his next lesson in Economics, but at last he pushed them all from him with some little force, muttering—"Dickens take Economics and everything thing else—I don't stay in here any longer!" As he stretched himself, he thought of a certain young lady whom he had met a few nights previous, and who had said he might call. "Just the thing!" he said, and immediately made ready to go. It was nearly a mile to his destination, but to Van Low it did not matter, for the walk was pleasant, the day lovely beyond description. His spirits rose with each step, and when finally he mounted the steps and rang the bell of an imposing house, he thought of himself with a good deal of pride, confident of his good looks, priding himself on his conversational powers and on being a general favorite. Much to his disappointment, the

girl was not at home, and as he walked away he remembered another girl, near that vicinity, whom he had met for the first time several months ago, and had seen two or three times since. He determined to call on her. After he had rung the bell, it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had forgotten the girl's name. The house, unfortunately, was not on a corner, so there was no time for him to escape, for he already heard steps coming down the hall. He felt himself grow red as the door opened, showing an elderly woman.

He raised his hat, and then, for once in his life, stammered. "Good—afternoon," he said. She waited.

"Does—er—does—er—Miss—er—Miss, does a—a young lady live here?"

The woman looked at him with wonder and distrust. "What's her name?" she asked abruptly.

"I—I have forgotten it," he said, "but I—I met her—I met her—and—and she asked me to call."

"Where did you meet her?" the woman now asked icily.

"At the last sociable of the Y. M. C. A.,"

he said, blushing more and more.

She did not try to help him. "Quite a long while since then," she said; "why have you been so long calling?"

He muttered something about "college duties," and "time awfully full," and groaned, feeling like a hunted beast, and wondering what she would ask next.

Peeping through a door at the end of the hall, he thought he saw the girl.

"She is not at home," the woman finally said, and then Van Low heard quick steps down the hall and the swish of skirts. He

turned and fled, waiting to give no more explanations, but heard a girl's sweet voice talking, and caught the words, uttered in a reproachful tone, "Aunt Emma, * * * a *college* fellow, too."

It is needless to say that Van Low's good opinion of himself was extremely lowered, that the day had lost its brightness, and instead of returning, as he had started, thinking how happy and fortunate he was, he felt himself to be the most miserable person on the face of the earth.

UNA B. SOUTHWORTH, '01.

Colonial School Children.

To us, with our nineteenth century advantages of education, an account of the school days of the children of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is pathetic, as well as very interesting. To the indolent ones, at least, the thought of trudging through four or five miles of deep snow to a poorly heated school-house in mid-winter is simply appalling.

The school-house in nearly every country district was a rude log-cabin, with one long desk built into the wall on the four sides of the building; so the pupils sat with their backs toward the teacher. The stove always occupied the centre of the room, and near it stood the teacher's desk. The parents of the school-children were expected to furnish wood for the stove, and the unfortunate child whose parents neglected to perform their share of that duty was banished to the coldest corner of the room.

These school-houses usually stood at some little distance from any settlement; the chief reason for this was that the children were expected to study aloud, and the uproar thus caused obliged the dwellers in the vicinity either to complain to the town officers or to move their residence; more frequently the latter course was pursued, for education was considered a sacred thing and was not likely to be hindered.

The principal books employed in these temples of learning were the horn-book,

primer, and later the psalter and Bible. Very few people read more than this, principally because there were very few other books. The horn-book was a sort of slate book; a little oak frame somewhat like that of a slate, only much smaller, being only about or five inches in width, was covered by a sheet of paper on which was printed the alphabet, the Lord's prayer, and some little verse or maxim; this paper was in turn covered by a sheet of horn, through which the letters could be distinguished, although it was not as transparent as glass. This arrangement usually had a handle, also of oak, and a string by which it was suspended from the small pupil's neck. Next to this came the primer, and in this were the creed, the catechism, and a few of the easier psalms. Sometimes, I believe, there were several extremely dull and priggish stories, each chiefly consisting of the moral.

Beside reading, writing was sometimes taught, and arithmetic, or "cyphering," was a universal study, and was thought of much importance.

The method of teaching this was by means of large sheets, printed with examples to be done, and pasted on boards which were suspended before the scholars by strings fastened to the roof-beams. A little "sum-book" was also employed; this book contained examples in the "first four rules," some of which would make children

nowadays sigh in despair; our forefathers believed in thoroughly accomplishing whatever they undertook. Grammar was another branch, and was carefully studied, the scholars being generally taken three times through the simpler portion before they were allowed to fix their attention on Syntax or Parsing. Of Geography they knew nothing; few of the settlers ever saw a map of a foreign country, and even a map of the colonies was rare. Of course there was little or no American history to be studied at that time. Of writing, all that need be said is that even in letters composed by writing-masters a word was rarely spelled in the same way twice, and a writing-master was a rare and valuable article.

The education of the boy was vastly different from that of the girl. The former was frequently as familiar with Latin grammar as with English, and began its study before or at the age of six years; cyphering was considered more especially a study for boys; and generally they attended dancing school. A girl's education in household matters was thought of much more importance than book-knowledge in any degree. She learned when very young to knit, spin flax and sew samplers and fine embroideries. Dancing was nearly a universal art with girls, and painting on glass was very popular; sometimes the well-bred young lady learned to play on the spinet and harp. There was for a long time absolutely no opportunity given to girls to attend the school,

and when at length they were admitted, their recitation hours were from half-past six till nine and from four till six, before and after the usual lesson-times. There were a few private boarding schools in towns, where young ladies were taught the womanly arts, as they were accounted at that time, but the fee for tuition was large, and the number provided for very limited. The children were not the only ones who had a hard time of it,—a teacher's lot was full of hardships. The district teacher was "boarded around" at the homes of his pupils, a certain number of weeks at each place, according to the number of the children in the district. Nearly all of his pay consisted of vegetables and fuel, and even these were given in scant quantity. The pay for instruction was very small, the climax being reached when a teacher in Baltimore, a widow, taught a school on the agreement that she was to receive ten shillings annually from the town, but at the end of the first year, due deductions having been made for taxes and school supplies, she was awarded three shillings and six pence for her year's labor.

Perhaps all the obstacles in the path of education incited the Colonial boys and girls to greater efforts; at all events, they seem to have made the most of their opportunities, and perhaps their intense desire for knowledge was the beginning of all the privileges that we may now enjoy if we care for them.

MABELLE CLARK, '01.

The Saracinesca Books.

The Saracinesca Books take us through the last years of old Rome, through the various struggles of new Rome and up to modern times. In them we find vivid descriptions of the city itself, the society of the city, the different sets of the society and the people of the sets.

That Marion Crawford was well acquainted with the scene of his tale is shown by his descriptions in the three books, that he faithfully studied the times is proved by their historic correctness, and that he is a close observer of the various types of hu-

manity is verified by the way in which he handles the characters.

The events that stand out most vividly are the death of the Duke of Astrardente, the trouble between Saint Ilario and Corona with the murder of Prince Montevarch and its attending circumstances, and the struggle of Don Orsino against family tradition. The three scenes are in three separate books and yet the connection is so close that each seems to be a part of the whole.

The first event brings to our remem-

brance the exhausted dandy with his paint, false teeth and wig,—an object for laughter were not the pathetic side of his nature so predominant. His wasted life comes to an end at the feet of his young wife, the only one in the world who thought well of him.

The second event shows us the noble Corona and her husband involved in a misunderstanding which is finally unrolled in a very extraordinary way by the murder of Prince Montevarch. The librarian, deceiver, forger, murderer—all in one—with his horrible fancies, appears in vivid contrast to the pure young girl who is accused of her father's death. Crawford has intertwined these events in a way which only the hand of a master could have done, and here especially we see the marvellous skill of the writer.

Don Orsino's brave struggle for a career, a profession, an existence outside of the rut of his family traditions appeals to us Americans as perhaps nothing in the books previous to this has done. Tired of merely

living a life of pleasure and idleness, he seeks to find some employment for his busy brain, and, following with persevering energy what he does undertake, in the end conquers all obstacles. Some people, in fact almost all, criticise Crawford severely for not marrying Don Orsino and Maria Consuelo who loved him so much that she sacrificed her whole life for him. Perhaps a lesser novelist, or one who does not understand human nature so well, would have ended the tale thus. But, after all, was it not best as Crawford wrote it? Don Orsino himself acknowledged that it was, and he was, with the possible exception of Maria Consuelo, the person most concerned.

Much can we learn from these books about ancient Rome, modern Rome, and their society. The author's pure style teaches us much also, but the best lesson is the learning to find some good in a seemingly wholly bad nature, for this is what Crawford has enforced in the delineation of nearly every character.

HELEN M. STEVENS, '00.

Popular Songs.

How are popular songs regarded by the people? Are they really liked, and should they be encouraged? Some of these popular songs are very pretty for a few weeks, but how long do they last? Are they for the education of the people? Do they remain, to be sung hundreds of years later, before refined and educated audiences? Compare them with the works of the master composers. Their music is always appreciated, while there are very few occasions when a comic song will really be enjoyed.

These popular airs are very catchy, and are quickly learned. You hear them everywhere you go. On the way to the store that small boy you meet is singing the latest song; in the store the clerks are whistling the latest song; at the theatre one of the actors sings that song; go to the dance and the orchestra will play that

song again. You cannot avoid it if you try. You stay at home, but your small brother comes in with that latest song upon his lips. You get so tired of it that you are only too glad when you hear of another new song, just out. But how long does your gladness last? This new one is treated in the same manner, and you soon become tired of that.

A person studying music does not take the cheap, easy popular songs for lessons; he takes the classical music, music that needs a great deal of study and hard work. Will he be given a hearing in concert halls and opera houses if he can sing only the songs of the day? I think that the composers of today might better employ their time than in writing this popular music, as they have done. Their names, like their music, will soon be forgotten.

MARGARET MITCHELL, '01.

Life in American Cities.

England is best known to us by Liverpool and London, as our own country is best known to other nations by New York; in fact, thousands of foreigners knew of no other American city until the World's Fair sent the fame of Chicago from one end of the world to the other. And now, even the intelligent foreigner knows only of our New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco and a few other great cities. The fact is, we, as Americans, know very little of our own country, but this is not so strange when we consider what a busy people we really are. The majority of us are too busy to travel and cannot spare the time, others cannot afford the expense. Our great cities are not homelike, they cannot be. We need only to visit New York or Chicago to see how unlike our ideas of home these cities really are. Everything in our large American cities is hustle and bustle. The life of a man in a great city is that of business; the life of a woman is mostly that of society or amusements of

one kind and another. Privacy is almost unknown, for nearly everybody keeps open house. It is when we go into the smaller cities of our country that we find the real American life. One need only go into such delightful home cities as New Haven, Springfield, Worcester, Albany or Hartford, to see how far removed from the happiest way of living are the people of the larger cities. If the young man starting out in life would begin and build up in the smaller cities, in a few years he would find himself employer, while in Boston or New York, he would simply be an employee having nothing in common with the vast number of people. But the gaiety of the larger cities attracts him; our great cities will always have an attraction for thousands. The excitement of this kind of life is fascinating; nevertheless the truest kind of American life exists in the smaller cities. They are in truth the real homes of our men and women and the American life of which we should be most proud.

BESSIE P. BAILEY, '01.

A Strange Occurrence.

Late in the fall of 1896, I was preparing to leave our little camp in Aroostook County, Maine, and return with Jim to civilization; but just as we were to start an accident happened, which delayed us until the middle of the winter and we had to come out on snow shoes.

When we first arrived at camp, we spent the greater part of our time hunting deer, and with good success, for at the end of the first week, four deer were hanging at the back of the camp. As we became tired of doing nothing, having all the deer that the law allows, and seeing three more weeks before us, we decided to try for a moose, although they were very scarce, owing to the increase of deer in this part of the state.

One morning, when it was Jim's turn to get breakfast, I awoke and found him still

in the bunk. I knew there was something the matter, so prepared the breakfast myself, took my gun, and set out for Muskrat Pond, a small lake, about a mile from camp and a great watering place for deer and moose, as we saw by their tracks, the day before. When I returned, after having discovered a fresh moose-track which led off towards the mountains, Jim was just finishing his breakfast. I made a jump for him but he was behind the bunk with one of the camp chairs ready for me.

"Well, you won't try that trick again," I said, "but come out now, for I struck a fresh track this morning at Muskrat and it went into the meadow."

"I'm ready," said Jim, so we sat down and finished breakfast.

After the camp affairs were attended to, we took our guns and started for the mead-

ow. These meadows are usually long, flat stretches of grassy land, between higher ground, and the grass grows from one to three feet long. Deer and moose like to lie in them in the latter part of the morning to get the warmth of the sun. As we arrived at the upper end, I noticed a black object near the lower. Our plan was that I should make a wide detour around the meadow and drive the supposed moose up to Jim. All went well, but when I reached the lower end a black stump confronted me. I immediately stood upon it and beckoned Jim to come on. As he reached about the centre of the meadow, a moose suddenly jumped up to his right not twenty paces away, and charged him as they sometimes will, when taken by surprise. Jim fired and was knocked down, as the big animal went over him and fell dead. I struggled through the long grass to the spot and found Jim senseless from a blow on the head by one of the hoofs of the moose. In the course of five or ten minutes he came to himself, apparently as well as ever, so we cut up the meat and carried all we could to camp, leaving the rest strung up to a tree at the edge of the meadow. Jim com-

plained of a severe headache when we reached camp, so I brought in the rest of the meat.

The next morning, Jim was out of his head, and he remained so for nearly a month. As I dared not leave him alone, the deer and moose meat became monotonous diet.

One night I awoke with a cold wind blowing over me. Not thinking for the moment, I said, "Jim, shut the door, will you?" for he had been very quiet the day before, and I ventured a little sleep. Then I remembered, and was at the door in an instant. There, three rods from the camp, on the snow walked Jim, bare-footed, bare-headed, mumbling to himself and now and then wildly waving his arms. I rushed out, caught him and finally, after a hard struggle, got him back and into the bunk, where he quickly fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning, to my astonishment he was all right.

A week later found us out of the woods, and although I go back every fall with Jim, I shall always wonder why that promenade, with the mercury fifteen or twenty degrees below zero, did not kill instead of cure him.

JOHN LADD, '01.

The Curfew.

At the annual town meeting in March, 1900, excitement reigned supreme while the article pertaining to the ringing of the curfew was discussed. An article to the same effect had been inserted in the war-rant a year ago. It appeared again this year, however, put in by those who persistently sought for its enforcement with untiring zeal. This year it had both ardent defenders and opponents, and after a spirited discussion the law was passed; that a curfew bell should be rung every night at nine o'clock, and that no child under sixteen years of age should be allowed on the street without permission after that time.

This law is a survival of the old curfew law which existed throughout Europe during the Middle or *Dark* Ages which re-

quired that at the tolling of a bell at a fixed hour, all lights and fires must be extinguished and the people must seek rest. Thus in the olden times this law served two purposes, first it prevented the danger of conflagration, and second, by keeping the people within doors, prevented nightly disturbances and crimes. This law was introduced into England by William the Conqueror and was enforced very strictly by him there.

Of course the original purpose of the curfew has disappeared with the progress of civilization, but in many places the bell is still rung and is perhaps beneficial.

This is especially true of large manufacturing towns where there are many people indifferent to the welfare of their children.

But in small residential towns this law is entirely unnecessary and harms rather than benefits the community. For, how many desirable people would wish to settle in such a town, where the law is the instrument by which the children are kept out of the streets? The world is advancing in enlightenment and civilization and to restrict the liberties of the people, even of the children, by reviving laws, existing nearly

a thousand years ago, seems to denote a retrograde movement. It seems to me that it would be much better if the law applied to people over sixteen, for misdemeanors of any magnitude are rarely committed by children under sixteen years of age. Although these ideas are in the minority, still in all cases the minority is entitled to some consideration.

GLADYS WAIT, '00.

An Old Country House.

About a mile from the centre of the town you pass an old country house. Weather-beaten and ram-shackle it stands—the rotting shingles tumble from the eaves and shatter themselves on the ground beneath. The heavy door creaks on its rusty hinges and the wind rattles the broken window-panes.

Beside it towers a great oak tree which reaches its leafless branches over the sunken roof. The last leaves drop sadly to the heaps below, but the wind picks them up

again and carries them far away.

Behind the house is a little garden, enclosed by a rustic fence. Once, perhaps, it was filled with flowers, but now it is lost in brush and dead leaves. The garden rises to a little hill, on whose summit is a clump of pines. They stand sharply outlined against the sky, as the sun sets in the broad forest beyond. Now the dusk begins to gather and the house looks so dark and gloomy, that superstitious fears come over me and I hasten away.

LILLIAN WYE.

The Dreyfus Story.

“The Dreyfus Story,” by Richard W. Hale, is a book that came out last May and is already in its third edition. The book is written for those who do not understand just what Dreyfus did, not for the enthusiast or the student of the case.

Alfred Dreyfus is a Jew and a native of Alsace. When Alsace and Lorraine became German, Dreyfus’ father remained a French citizen, thus making his minor children French citizens. Dreyfus graduated from the School of War in 1892 and was assigned special duty on the general staff of the army. This is a position much desired by those who graduate from the School of War as it is given only to those who have graduated with honor.

The charge on which Dreyfus was tried in 1894 was, that he had written and sent

a memorandum or bordereau to a foreign embassy at Paris. As the bordereau showed an extensive acquaintance with secret military documents, suspicion was directed against the staff office. Hand writings were compared and there was a marked similarity between the hand writing of the bordereau and that of Dreyfus. The text of the bordereau is as follows:

“Without news indicating that you wish to see me, I send you, nevertheless, Monsieur, some important information:—

1. A note on the hydraulic buffers of the 120 (millimetre cannon) and the manner in which this piece behaved.

2. A note on the troops for covering service. Some modifications will be affected by this new plan.

3. A note on the modification in the

formations for the artillery.

4. A note relative to Madagascar.

5. The draft for the firing manual for the field artillery service (14th March 1894).

The last document is extremely difficult to procure, and I can have it at my disposition only a few days. The Minister of War has sent out a fixed number of them in the corps and the members of the corps are responsible for them. Each officer who has one must turn it in after the manœuvres. Therefore, if you wish to make extracts of what interests you and have it ready against my call for it, I will get it back. Unless, that is, you wish that I should cause it to be copied—the whole—and send you the copy.

I am just off for the manœuvres."

The first trial of Dreyfus was by court-martial. It was secret and he was convicted and sentenced at this time. To justify the conviction the evidence was allowed to leak out with a different result from that expected, for it helped the prisoner and directed suspicion toward Esterhazy who was sent to a mock trial by the government and acquitted. Zola, dissatisfied with the result of the trial, wrote an open letter to President Faure, of such character

that he was prosecuted for libel. There were three Zola trials and during these trials the official morals of the army staff were disclosed, making the corruption deeper. At this time Lieut. Col. Henry confessed that he had forged documents to clinch the case against Dreyfus. Shortly after his confession, Henry committed suicide. This circumstance secured a revision of the Dreyfus conviction. It has been absolutely decided "that Dreyfus was guilty of no greater crimes against France than that of being a Jew of ill-asserted wealth and an officer who habitually told his superior officers they did not know their own business." On September 9, 1899, Dreyfus was found guilty and sentenced to ten years' detention, but on recommendation of the court martial that he be not again degraded, but pardoned, he was pardoned September 19. The conduct of the generals and the way in which they pressed the court martials cannot be condemned enough. More than this, when the French people wished to give Dreyfus a fair trial, the French nation as represented could not do so. But even now, if Dreyfus can get some new testimony to prove his innocence he can have a new trial, although he has been twice convicted and pardoned.

LYDIA A. HIGGINS, '00.

A Day with Queen Bess.

I had just come home from a masquerade ball and was sitting before the fire, thinking on the good time I had enjoyed. My costume was that of a court lady in the time of Elizabeth, and unconsciously my thoughts turned to the days when good Queen Bess held sway.

Suddenly I was in the South Union Station waiting for a Needham train, and saw Queen Elizabeth standing in the waiting room. She looked antiquated in her voluminous skirts draped with purple brocaded satin, her Elizabethan collar and her hair piled high with white ostrich plumes, and a purple aigrette. My first thought was, "I wish I had those plumes for my new

spring hat." I ran up to her and said, "You Dear Queen Bess! I am delighted that you honor us with your presence in our fair city. You have heard of the Hub of the universe, of course you have, and of that famous tea party, which was one of the turning points in our history; also of Dorchester Heights and Bunker Hill. I hope you will let me have the pleasure of showing you the city."

To lose no time in displaying the nineteenth century inventions, we left the station in an automobile, rolled up Summer street to the Touraine, registered, and started on a tour of the city. I could scarcely stay the enthusiasm of my fair

guest when she saw the State House. Here we alighted and were ushered into the marble halls, where we saw the flags, swords, and statutes, which tell of deeds well done by brave and soldiery men. Then when my guest had tired of these historic surroundings, we went to Copley Square. "There, dear queen," said I, "is our new public library, the art museum, and Trinity church with its statues of the Evangelists and the major and minor prophets over the entrance. Are they not splendid buildings?"

Suddenly I realized that she was attracting too much attention by her seventeenth century costume, for although her collar was all right as to its height, the rest of her dress was strangely out of place. I gently hinted that she might find a more suitable costume for travelling, and with some reluctance she consented. We went to Hollander's, where we succeeded in buying a suit which made the beautiful queen more charming than ever.

When we were again seated in our automobile, the fair lady said she would like to ride out into the country. So we rode through the park and out over Beacon street to the great reservoir, whose clear blue surface reminded her of the Thames as it flows by the tower of London. The ride in the fresh air of the country increased our appetite and we soon grew anxious to return to the hotel. On our way back,

the queen talked enthusiastically about the advancement of the world since her time.

In the evening we went to see "Merry Wives of Windsor" given at the Hollis. We thoroughly enjoyed the play and afterwards talked of Shakespeare and his works. It pleased her majesty when I told her that Shakespeare was my favorite author. She said she always felt a deep interest in him and often had the pleasure of selecting players for his companies. He wrote this play for her amusement a short while before her death, and it filled her with rapturous delight to see it played again. She referred to the happy evenings she spent at theatres with "Dear Sir Walter" and other favorites.

On our return to the hotel, the queen asked me to read from one of the evening papers. As one of the most interesting subjects, just then was the South African War, I read her that evening's account, which told of a defeat of the English, the heavy losses on both sides, and Victoria's fear of losing Ladysmith. The Queen's patriotism and desire for England's prosperity were so strong, that before I had finished the paragraph, she fainted. Just as I was about to apply restoratives, I awoke with a shiver. The fire had gone out and a stern voice, asking why I was not in bed, drove from my mind all thoughts of my royal companion.

SARAH E. COPPINGER, '02.

A Trip to Populatic Pond.

One morning in the early part of last summer, three boys and myself started in two canoes, loaded with provisions, blankets, sweaters, a tent and other articles necessary for comfort, for Populatic Pond. From the Needham boat house to the rapids below the Charles River dam, we had easy paddling. Then our first hard work began, for the rocks were very thick and the water so low that we had to be very careful not to run on to any. After carrying round the dam, we struck smooth water and had easy paddling all the way

to South Natick Dam. We passed the Noanet Brook on the left and shortly after paddled under the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. bridge.

As the water jug was empty, we landed at Sawin's grove and filled it. Although we were beginning to feel rather hungry, it was thought best to paddle the remaining distance to Cheney's grounds before we had our lunch. After a short rest here, we paddled to South Natick, where another carry had to be made around the electric power station, the easiest of all. When the

canoes had been placed in the water, two of us started for the Natick post office to mail some postal cards "to the folks."

For about two miles above this, a sharp look-out had to be kept on account of the large rocks under the surface. At South Natick we had been told to look for a spring near an old bath house, and soon after passing the Dover bound stone, it came in view. The water here was delicious, even better than that of Needham. Shortly after passing under Bridge street bridge we came to Dover narrows, one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen. On the left are state grounds and on the right the banks rise from the river to quite a height and are covered with sweet smelling pines, firs, and hemlocks. Here we decided to camp, and how good that supper tasted!

After erecting our shelter, "the Student" from Brown and "our artist" thought they would like to go calling, (where?) so they left "the bookworm" and myself, "the Kid," after telling us to put the lantern where they could see it when they came home. When we were ready to "crawl in" we put the lantern out on the side from which the other two had left. About midnight we were awakened by some one walking around the tent and on looking out we saw two young gentlemen advancing out of the

fog. On inquiring, we learned that they had lost their road and had come home on the wrong side of the tent, not being able to see the lantern. Next morning after drying their clothes, and incidentally burning a pair of stockings, we started, and soon after entered Medfield meadows. At first we enjoyed the many curves, but soon one of our number wanted to know "what snake was the topographer," they out-did Boston's "cow-paths" in crookedness. For the next two hours we had to paddle towards all the points of the compass. Once we went under a railroad bridge only to find more meadows on the other side; but in about two hours the river began to straighten out a little, and trees were seen here and there.

The next carries were at Baltimore, a part of Millis, and Rockport. After a hard carry around the latter, we were glad of the next half hour of easy paddling. Passing farm houses on each side and a few more curves, we at last turned sharply to the left and entered Populatic. Surrounded by wooded hills, its blue expanse seemed delightful and cool to weary nimrods.

We camped on the south shore and enjoyed ourselves for the next two days in bathing, fishing and canoeing, then reluctantly bade goodbye to our pleasant surroundings until another year.

OSCAR S. STARKWEATHER, '02.

William Tell.

Of the many dramas which have been written after the models of Shakespeare, there are but few that can be compared with the historical drama, William Tell.

The play is written in five acts and the original idea was given to Schiller by his friend Goethe, who obtained his idea from historical researches. It takes up the struggle for liberty of the three Swiss cantons, Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden against the duke Elbrecht of Austria. They were subject to the German Emperor and in

order to get them under Austrian rule, Albert had sent his two bailiffs, Herman Gesler and Laudenberg, to force them into submission.

At length the subjects could endure the cruel treatment of the governors no longer and a few self-sacrificing men who represented the three cantons met at the summit of Mount Rutli at midnight and formed an alliance to shake off the yoke of tyranny.

Meanwhile, the redeemer of the people

appears, William Tell. At Altorf, the Landvogt Gesler's hat had been placed on a lofty pole in the centre of the city with due reverence, and whosoever should violate the command would be subject to law. Tell, passing the pole, had refused to bow and thereupon was seized. A very touching scene now follows,—the struggle between parental love and personal freedom, which Tell will regain by shooting an apple from his little boy's head. Tell, trusting in his skill as a bowman, follows human instinct, preferring freedom to captivity. The apple is shot and the boy is saved. Yet Tell is fettered by the fiendish ruler since he confesses that he should have killed him in case of failure. Tell is now taken to a boat which conveys him to the prison at Kussnacht. A terrible storm arises during the journey and Tell is freed from his chains in order to steer the boat ashore. He dashes into the foaming sea, seeks refuge on a rock, while with almost supernatural strength he pushes the boat back into the raging sea, with Gesler in it,

who arrives safely at the shore.

We have now reached the climax of the play, where our sympathy recognizes in Tell, the hero of his country. Pushing his most sacred feelings for wife and children aside, and risking his own life to free his country from the tyrant, he carefully takes counsel with himself. Schiller has expressed the thoughts and feelings of Tell in the most touching soliloquy.

Gesler is finally slain by the arrow of his bitterest enemy, Tell.

We must be careful not to associate Tell, the savior of the Swiss people with a murderer, who simply sheds blood for revenge. When the capture of Tell became known, the confederates of Rutli revolted. After a long struggle they regained their liberty and compelled the governor, Laudenberg to leave the country.

In 1801, this national play was produced on the most noted stages of Germany with the greatest effect ever experienced. The Germans have at all times taken this play as a mirror of freedom conquering tyranny.

PAULINE D. BERTHOLD, '00.

Who Planted the Ladies' Slippers?

It was a bright day, about the last of July, and Ralph, a little boy about seven years old, asked his mother if he might go out in the field and gather flowers. She gave him permission, but told him not to go in the woods which bordered its further side.

Little Ralph slipped off as happy as a bird, for he loved nothing better than to be with the flowers, the bees, and the butterflies. He soon reached the opposite side of the field and stopped under a tree to arrange the flowers which he had picked on the way. As he turned to go, he saw some bright flowers in the woods, a little way beyond, and said, "I will get some of these for mamma." Forgetting the promise he had made to his mother, he proceeded to pick them with great delight, then, tired out with his walk, he lay down

on some moss, which was so soft and cool that he soon forgot about going home.

After a little while he heard some sweet music, and turned toward the direction from whence it came. As he looked, a little patch of grass rose slowly, and a bright light shone from within. One little fairy after another came skipping out, until about ten had passed through the grass door. Each one carried a shovel, a rake, a hoe, a watering pot or a little box of seeds. They formed a circle and placed these in front of them, then they joined hands and their graceful little forms, clad in delicate hues of the rainbow, with long golden hair falling over their shoulders, shone brightly in the moonlight, as they danced in and out among the trees.

Then the music ceased, and those which carried the shovels began digging up the

earth, while others came with hoes to smooth it over and make little furrows for those with the boxes to put the seeds in. Some raked the ground over and others came out and watered the seeds, after which each fairy took a little wand from her belt and waved it magically over the bed. Then they picked up their things and all skipped back through the little grass door, which closed after them.

Ralph rubbed his eyes and tried to find the place where the grass had risen, but try as much as he would, he could not find the place. Then he turned to go home but could not tell where he was, and began to cry, when he heard his mother's voice saying, "Well, I guess you will learn a lesson by getting lost, not to go in the

woods again, when mamma tells you not to. I saw you enter the woods from my window, and came over and watched you from behind the trees." Then Ralph told her how he had seen the fairies plant the seeds and that he could not find the place where they came from. "No," said the mother, "you have been asleep on this moss, and it was only a dream."

But Ralph could not believe this, he said it was all so real, and when, while walking in the woods with his father, several weeks after, they came across a bed of ladies' slippers, he told his father that these were the very ones that had grown from the seeds he had seen the fairies plant. "If they did not plant them, who did?" And his father let him think so.

S. GERTRUDE BOWES, '03.



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Highlandville, Mass.

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SINCE the issuing of the last Advocate, the school has sustained a loss in the death of one of its members, Willard D. Kirk. He was a quiet, studious boy, always ready and willing to do his part in the school affairs. Respected and esteemed by all his classmates, he made many friends, and was as honest and upright as anyone could be. We have all missed his face among our numbers, and shall always have kindly remembrances of him.

WE have departed a little from the regular form of the Advocate this year, by giving, in the space usually allotted to the Alumni Department, a directory of the present members of the Alumni Association. We thought, in doing this, to perhaps give some welcome information concerning the older members, and those who have gone elsewhere to live. If there are any omissions or errors in the number, we hope they will be pardoned, for, while it was a difficult subject, we have done our best to make it a true statement.

THROUGH the kindness of Rev. Philip S. Thacher, the school has been able to have its stereopticon used this year. Mr. Thacher, to whom we extend our heartiest thanks, very kindly gave a lecture on the Boer war, with the stereopticon, for the benefit of the High School, in the town hall, on the evening of April eighteenth. We received about forty-four dollars from the lecture. This money is to be used toward buying a new piano for the school, which has been greatly needed for a long time. The pupils, with the ready help of the teachers, had previously raised twenty dollars for this purpose. Although the graduating class may never receive the benefit of this new piano, we sincerely hope the remaining three classes will have the use of it at the beginning of the next year.

THE High School has been favored this year by the introduction of Drawing, under the supervision of Miss Treadwell. The course has been prescribed for the first year students, but is elective for the three upper classes. Both mechanical and free-hand drawing has

been taught, conforming to each student's inclination. Miss Treadwell spends two hours every week with the classes, and requires about two hours' outside work from the pupils. The study has been taken up very well by the students, and we hope the course will be continued.



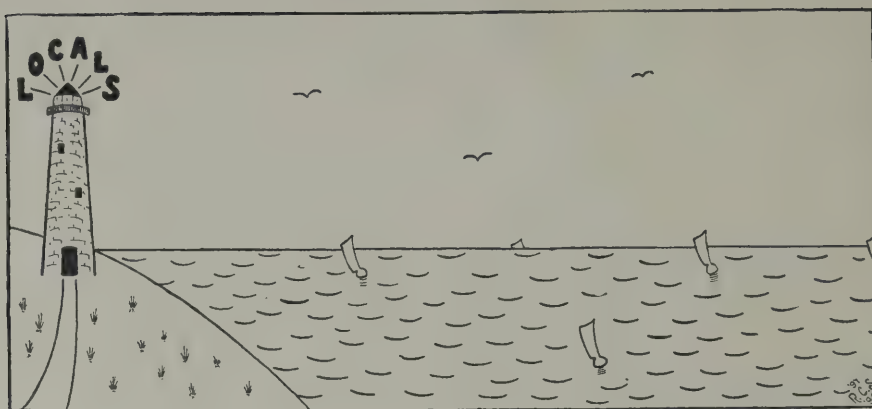
THERE has been but one Advocate issued this year in the place of two, one in December and one in June, which have for several years been published. The time was so much taken up the first part of the year that we did not feel able to undertake to issue the Advocate in December; and we also thought it hardly paid us to keep up the two copies a year. If the pupils would take more interest in the paper, and each be more willing to do his or her part, whatever it may be, towards helping the work along, there

would be much brighter prospects of the two publications being resumed in the future.



WE have sustained a loss this year in the resignation of our principal, Mr. Godfrey, who had been with us for nearly four years. He was conscientious in his work, and tried to benefit the school in every way which lay in his power. The school heartily wishes him all success in his new position, and hopes he will still take an interest in us. We have been especially fortunate in securing our present principal, Mr. Fletcher, who is a Harvard graduate, and comes to us with high recommendations. He has certainly won the respect of all his pupils, and has proved himself, even in this short time, fully competent for his work. We wish him a long and happy career with the Needham High School.





DEPARTMENT EDITOR—HELEN M. STEVENS.

—Greeting: We are all “hit” in some fashion or other in the following lines, and cheerfully extend a hearty greeting to our readers.

—Found in a Freshman’s composition: “Many tribes of Indians were extinguished.”

—In another composition of the same class: “The Indians ride horseback without rain or saddle.”

—History A: “He wasn’t killed during his life.”

—Translation in Greek B: “He cut off the right hand and the right head of Cyrus.”

—The parts for graduation are as follows: Laura G. Willgoose, valedictory; Helen M. Stevens, salutatory; Josephine H. Fernald and Gladys E. Wait, essays; Alpha F. Leonard, prophecy; Laura I. Blackman, history.

—One of the Senior’s brilliant rhymes:
“How I listen for that bell,
That delivers me from—torture!”

—General plea heard from all sides:
“Please don’t put in that local about me.”

—Physics A have learned a new law:
“Couples produce rotation and revolution.” Is this true? Ask Miss W— and L—, ‘oo.

—Again Æneas has turned over many times during the night.

—Better go up above.

—Turkeys ready for next Thanksgiving in Room 3: order early and avoid the rush.

—Miss H—, ‘oo: “Olivia was a brilliant croquette.”

—After teacher has translated a few words in French B, pupil: “How far does that take?”

—Desk covers certainly *are* convenient—for the pupils.

—Miss D— refuses to be called a demagogue by Miss W—, even though she is a Senior.

—Sophomore, defining a right angle: “Why-er a right angle is a straight angle only one half of it is standing up straight upon the other half.”

—Teacher in Mathematics B: “How many had all the examples they did correct?” One pupil raises his hand. Teacher: “Only one? Well, how many did you do?” Pupil: “Only one.”

—Miss G— has made her room very attractive with blossoming plants. The pupils there seem to take pride in the appearance of their room, as indeed they should.

—H—, '03: "His only failing was nesses."

—The word "foolish" isn't in Greek A's vocabulary. When such words are needed in translation the teacher is obliged to call upon the Freshmen to assist them.

—Another law: As the tension so the man.

According to Miss F—, '02, two and two and two are four!

—French translation: "Living children passed by."

—New 'epidemic, gaping, exceedingly contagious and especially prevalent in the back part of Room 1 on Tuesday.

—Miss B—, '00, thought that there would be no German class one day because the teacher had "exiteded herself."

—First Senior: "Who is he?"

—Second Senior: "Why he's that fellow's sister."

—W—, '01: "Having reached a death of forty-seven years, he —"

—The class of '02 regret losing their President, Homer Hanchett. His family have removed to California.

—The sun was coming down very fast.

—How nice (?) L—, '00, looked one day with his hair all curled. Ask Miss S—, of the same class, who was responsible for it.

—Mr. G—'s customary remark every day morning: "Does anyone happen to have my collar!" *Note:* Latin composition comes on Monday and the author of the book is Collar.

—Miss G—, to R—, '03: "Now R—, I shall certainly be forced to change your seat if you don't stop whispering to W—." W—, raising his hand with an innocent look on his young face—"He loves me."

—Teacher in History D: "Mention a prominent characteristic of the Roman people." M—: "They had big noses."

—Conundrum: How do you get into the committee rooms, when the door is locked and the key is in the keyhole on the inside?

—The class of 1902 have set a good example to the other classes by getting their class pins so early. They evidently are of the opinion that it is better to have the pleasure of class pins two years before leaving instead of only two months, as is the usual custom.

—Remark current at noon recess in Room 1: "That is a joke. Now's the time to laugh."

—In the Virgil class: "I don't know any of these words." Mr. G—, "Usual occurrence." "O," translating smoothly, "My blood congeals in my veins, my hair rises on end and my voice clings to my throat." Mr. G—, "Correct."

—Comedy or tragedy? Scene, school-room: Teacher and pupils (?) quietly working. The teacher looks up and discovers a pupil thoughtfully scratching his ear. Otherwise everything is peaceful and so the unsuspecting teacher goes on with her work. Then the pupil tosses his head and the note lands in safety upon the desk behind.

—History C. Teacher: "Give me a character sketch of James I." Pupil: "He was very timid and er-er-he had goggle eyes."

—Coon songs and cake walks reigned in full glory on the last day of last term. The excuse which was given was, "We *had* to do something to celebrate."

—Don't ask T—, '02, to sharpen your pencils for you on the '01 sharpener. He takes too long. B—, and W—, '01, however, can do it in a trice. They sit near the sharpener you know, and understand the intricacies of the machine.

—Teacher translating: "And dewey Iris descended from Olympus." Wondering Senior—, "Where's Dewey?"

—Heard in the girl's dressing room every Monday morning with slight variations: "Know your Latin?" "No, I went away Sat—" "Written your Comp?" "No, I had company and—" "Got your English outline written out?" "No, I can't." "Done your German?" "Yes, that was the easiest and I only had time for—" "I suppose you learned your Greek as perfectly as I have?" "Just about, I guess!—that is, if you don't know 'beans' about it."

—Teacher in German: "The next word means 'a slight hollow.'" Pupil: "O yes, he made a little indentation."

—Miss S—, 'oo: "O Miss Goodwin, may I borrow one of your B boys?" Miss Goodwin: "Certainly, take B—."

—Mr. G—, in geometry: "Now S—, you're on the home stretch."

—Latin A thinks that Virgil made a sad mistake in placing "Hoc sat erit," (this shall be sufficient) one hundred pages before the end of the book. Or else, shame to acknowledge it, the sad mistake was in writing the one hundred pages.

—"Over the banisters beams a face:" the teacher appears and it vanishes.

—Nothing takes the fun out of a person like a pile of books and a composition behind.

—C regretted having to drop physics until they found how delightful botany is and now they are grieving over the shortness of time allowed for the latter study.

—"Twas quite a surprise when that picture came down, was it not, S—?"

—Teacher: "What is opposite to the Orient?" Bright Junior, "The Union!"

—The Greek trio go slowly up the stairs. "When shall we three meet again?" "In thunder, lightning and in rain." "When the battle's lost and won." The door opens and they solemnly (?) pass in to their fate.

—W—, '02: "Where the peninsula joined the tree we had to climb a fence."

—Henceforth, according to Mr. G—, "The wind turns on its hinges." Probably the hinges aren't oiled and that accounts for the noise.

—The office is a veritable place of retreat from the confusion of the schoolroom. It is a small room and there were no less than seven there at the same time one day. Were they all studying?

—A desk cover was let fall in Room 3 one day, and a Freshman in the front part of the room exclaimed, "Thunder!" "No," said Miss G—, "it was only a desk cover."

—Mr. G—, in Physics A, to Miss S—: "Now you have one thousand warts, (Miss S—, aside to the class: "I haven't got one.") and all you have to do to turn them into horse power is to divide by one hundred forty-six." And the class laughed. Note: Watt is a measurement of electricity.

—A Freshman was asked who his class editors were. He replied that he did n't think there were any, and added: "You'd better go in and appoint some." As it happened, he was one himself, even if he didn't know it.

—Teacher to R—, '02: "Are you prepared?" R—: "Yes, but I can't do it."

—If you have books to be carried anywhere, just ask some of the C boys. They are well in practice, and won't drop them *more* than twice every hundred feet.

—Teacher: "Take the front seat, Low." Low: "It's too low."

—"Where's the new piano?" "Wish I had my quarter back," are the remarks which greet the unfortunate Seniors who collected the subscription money from the school. Patience, it's coming!

—Mr. G—: "How did he happen to become president?" Brilliant Sophomore: "Because he was assassinated."

—Miss T—, translating French: "The minute he opened the door he turned himself over."

—According to L—, bones and soul are the same thing.

—Why B—, we hardly knew you with that stylish collar on, but we like the change!

—According to Botany C, biennials come up twice a year and perennials come up several times a year. These startling facts were found in their last examination. Wonderful class!

—In the French class, Miss T—, translating at sight: "Then he began to—does that mean to count?" Mr. G—: "No, to kiss."

—"And the Trojans laughed at him dripping with garments."

—History A. Teacher: "What became of Lepidus?" Pupil, after much thought: "I *think* he died."

—Pupil, reading answer to Physics problem: "10.875." Mr. G—: "That's wrong." Pupil: "Correct!"

—Some verbs of Virgil A: Pigo, pigere, squeali, gruntum; dogo, dogere, barki, bitum; flunko, flunkere, squelchi, satupon; fudgo, fudgere, eati, getsomemore; gigglo, gigglere, laughi, roarum.

—Miss G—, in English A: "W—, what is a partial system?" W—, "A one-sided system" (speaks aside to Miss S—.) Miss G—: "If you have anything to say, please favor the whole class and not confine all your brilliant remarks to Miss W—." W—, (aside to Miss S—): "I spoke to you and not to Miss W—." Miss G—: "Did I understand you to remark that you did not address Miss W—? You have changed then!" W—, getting desperate: "I spoke to Miss S—, that time." Miss G—: "Well, I'm glad that you are not partial."

—Enter young man. Exclamation heard in the back part of Room 1: "There's the new principal." General rustling as the girls get out their looking glasses.

—"Won't you please keep quiet?"

—Sound of talking drifts down from the back of Room 2 to the teacher's desk. Miss G—: "Did I give you permission to speak to B—, L—?" L—: "Er—I-er was just looking at a book!"

—Miss G—: "L—, if you have any more trouble with your feet"—(Laughter.) Miss G— (explaining to the class): "L— has a special affection for his feet, you know."

—First voice: "May I change my seat?" Teacher, kindly: "Yes." Second voice: "May I change my seat, too?" Teacher: "Yes, but that only holds as long as you behave yourself in the back part of the room." First voice, despairingly: "Then I might just as well stay where I am."

—S—, '02, hunting despairingly for a Beginner's Latin Book. Miss H—, '00: "What do you want?" "Latin Beginner's Book." So Miss H— obligingly trots upstairs, and having borrowed one from T—, '01, presents it with a benign smile to S—. The next morning T— swoops down upon Miss H— when she is reciting history and demands his Latin Book. A broad smile goes around the room as Miss H— in turn demands it from S—.

—Boys, thou shalt not scrap.

—Poor little freshmen! Didn't you ever see a wasp before? We are sorry it frightened you so. Never mind, perhaps you will get braver with increasing years.

—Of the class of 1900, Josephine Fernald intends to enter Wellesley next year; Laura Willgoose, Radcliffe; Alpha Leonard, Brown; Laura Harmon and Pauline Berthold expect to attend Normal School; Arthur Whetton intends to enter Exeter; Lydia Higgins is looking forward to the New England Conservatory of Music and Helen Stevens to a year at Dana Hall.

—Sight translation in German: "If you love me tell me what you sing."

—"Who were the Mohammedans?"
"They were n't Christians!"

—D'Artagnan in "Les Trois Mousquetaires" must have been a wonderful man, for, according to Miss W—: "d'Artagnan hid behind a rocket." (rock).

—According to a Sophomore's composition: "Contance DeBeverly and the monk were condemned to be walled up in a nitch two feet square."

—Teacher: "You're about 100 degrees out of the way." Innocent pupil: "Well, is that bad?"

—Hail to our gallant High School Cadets!

—Freshman: "Please tell me how to spell Massachusetts?" Miss G—: "Why! can't you spell the name of your own state?" Freshman: "Well, I can get as far as 'chu'!"

—We think the Seniors are having what might be termed "a hot time." Together with the warm weather which June always brings, they are studying Heat in Physics and in Latin they are travelling through the infernal regions with Æneas.

—Translation in Greek A: "The Cyclops came home bearing on his shoulders the wood which was to serve for his supper!"

—Mr. F— in Geom. C: "Prove that only one perpendicular can be drawn to a point on a straight line." S—: "Try to draw another and you can't."

—The officers of the Boys' Company are as follows:

Capt., A. H. Whetton, '00.
1st Lieut., A. F. Leonard, '00.
2nd Lieut., J. A. Ladd, '01.
1st Sergt., F. A. Bean, '01.
2nd Sergt., H. S. Rodgers, '01.
3rd Sergt., H. E. Crisp, '01.
1st, 2nd, 3rd Corporals, French, Beless, Low, '01.

The much-longed for guns have arrived, thirty-two in all. If anybody doesn't think that our company is "O. K.," just let them watch when it is out on parade. It certainly does credit to the school.

—Class officers:

CLASS of '00.—Pres., A. F. Leonard.
V. Pres., J. H. Fernald.
Sec. and Treas., H. M. Stevens
CLASS OF '01.—Pres., H. S. Rodgers.
V. Pres., H. W. Low.
Sec., G. A. Wye.
Treas., J. A. Ladd.
CLASS OF '02.—Pres., H. L. Shine.
V. Pres., A. G. Hewett.
Sec., G. Farrand.
Treas., O. H. Starkweather.
CLASS OF '03.—Pres., P. S. Thacher.
V. Pres., M. M. Smith.
Sec. and Treas., S. G. Bowes.





DEPARTMENT EDITOR—HARLEY E. CRISP.

All Preparatory College and High School papers, attention! We are anxious to exchange with one and all of you.



Two laborers were working on the second story of a high building.

Pat (losing his balance): "I'm falling, Mike."

Mike: "Well, wait a minute till I go down and take away me new dinner-pail from under ye!"



In Aggie Life under "Impressions of an Idler" are often to be found great helps and good, sound advice.



"Mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"How does a deaf and dumb boy say his prayers when he has got rheumatism?"



"The Romance of a College Paper" in Aurora shows very conclusively that one College Paper was of some good in this world.

Latin:

"All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death! They surely earn it."

—Ex.



"Another Victory for Berkeley" in The Tocsin is very realistic.



Axiom of Geometry:

The number of notes which pass between a boy and a girl seated in the same school room increases directly as the square of the distance from the teacher.



"Hallock is Asleep," a story in the High School Record, is extremely interesting and well written.



Teacher in Elocution: "Now, girls, repeat after me: 'Into the jaws of Death.'"

Class: "'Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell.'"

Teacher.—"That's right, go right ahead."—[Ex.]

Class Ode.

TUNE—"Fair Harvard."

Yet again has the cycle of months rolled along,
And our parting does ruthless disclose,
And Time, as he passes in swift winged flight,
Bends the head of the fragrant June rose.

Yes—we stand as so many before us have stood,
Yes—we, too, leave our school days behind,
And so to the future we trustingly look,
And, thus trusting, hope Fate may be kind.

Farewell, O ye schoolmates, farewell, our dear school,
Where our joys and griefs fleetingly passed,
Our good wishes attend you, and this is our prayer,
"May success still be yours to the last."

May we follow the guidance of Duty and Right,
And ne'er from that straight pathway swerve,
We'll practice in life what was taught us at school,
"We learn that we ever may serve."

LAURA ISABEL BLACKMAN.

Class Lines.

"We Learn that we may Serve."

The inhabitants of K street, South Boston, were intensely excited on the morning of September 10, 1879, when the advent of the tiniest twin girls became known. With the surplus weight of about half a pound, one survived, and was named Pauline Dorothea Berthold. After a long struggle between life and death she entered the Cambridge public school at the age of seven. She left here in 1895 on account of her removal to Needham. In the fall of 1896, she became a member of the Needham high school.

It was in Greendale, on May 31, 1881 that Laura Isabel Blackman deigned to bestow the cheerful light of her countenance upon the world. She began school life at the age of five years, and entered the High School with the class of "Naughty Naughts." As yet she has not startled the world by any great exploits, for, as she says, so far almost her only aim in life has been to enjoy herself.

Josephine Hammond Fernald began her existence in this wicked world, on the

twenty-sixth of the balmy month of May, 1881. Although she was born in Chelsea, most of her life has been passed in Needham. Her life has been full of many delightful episodes, but she has often confessed that the greatest event in it was the time when her adoring father made her the proud possessor of—a quarter.

Laura Annette Harmon was born in Charles River Village, January 9, 1882. Here she has always lived, close beside the "ever winding Charles." She attended the Parker school when five and one-half years old, and entered the ninth grade of the Kimball school in 1895. The following year she began her studies in the High School.

Helen Mary Stevens first looked upon the light of day, December 23, 1882, in Somerville. When very young she moved to Needham, and thence to Charles River Village. At the age of three, the charms of Needham induced her parents to return. Here all her school days have been passed.

Ten (Berthold missing)



Gladys Emma Wait Laura Grace Willgoose Helen Mary Stevens
 Laura Annette Harmon Lydia Adeline Higgins Laura Isabel Blackman
 Arthur Hollingworth Whetton (D. Howard Fletcher, Principal) Alpha Freeman Leonard
 Josephine Hammond Fernald
 Owing to Miss Berthold's refusal to sit for her portrait we are unable to insert the same.—[Ed.

Laura Grace Willgoose was born in Needham, June 4, 1882, on Sunday. During the first year of her life she took a daily nap of seven hours, but since entering the High School it is quite evident that she has not indulged in even short ones.



Arthur Hollingworth Whetton was born in Needham, December 12, 1880. When he was five years old, he began to attend the Avery school. He has always been quite a traveler, having at the age of eight taken a trip to Virginia, and seven years later crossed the Atlantic for a visit in England. On his return from abroad he entered the High School and has enjoyed the remarkable record of not being absent or tardy once.



Lydia Adeline Higgins was born in Dover, January 27, 1884. At four years old, she began her school life, and graduated from the Sanger High School in 1898.

The following fall she entered the Senior class of the Needham High School.



South Boston is the birth place of Gladys Emma Wait, who arrived there December 22, 1882. When she was a year old she moved to Needham, where she met with a very serious accident of falling against a coal hod, and badly injuring her face. Perhaps that accounts for her pretty dimples. Since she was five years old she has attended the Needham schools.



Alpha Freeman Leonard was born in Needham, July 17, 1882. At an early age he was the source of much trial and tribulation to his family, owing to his fondness for running away. However, as he grew older, he became so devoted to his home that never during his whole life has he spent a single night outside the bounds of Needham.



Characteristics of the Class of 1900.

COMPILED BY ANNIE E. THACHER.

Name.	Weight.	Hight.	Date of Birth.	Religious Preference.	Nature.	Cast of Countenance.
Alpha Leonard	145 lbs.	5 ft. 10 in.	July 17, 1882.	Christian Scientist.	Kind-hearted.	Intellectual.
Arthur Whetton	143 1-2	5 ft. 7 1-2 in.	Dec. 12, 1880.	Unitarian.	Generous.	"Demi-souriant."
Pauline Berthold	110 "	5 ft. 2 in.	Sept. 10, 1879.	Unitarian.	Impulsive.	Confident.
Laura Willgoose	109 1-2	5 ft. 2 1-2 in.	June 4, 1882.	Unitarian.	Studious.	Self-satisfied.
Helen Stevens	116 "	5 ft. 5 in.	Dec. 23, 1882.	Orthodox.	Peremptory.	Too much for Mr. G.
Josephine Fernald	121 "	5 ft. 6 3-4 in.	May 26, 1881.	Universalist.	Practical.	Sedate.
Laura Harmon	88 "	4 ft. 11 in.	Jan. 9, 1882.	Orthodox.	Contrary-minded.	Serene.
Gladys Wait	137 "	5 ft. 1 1-4 in.	Dec. 22, 1882.	Baptist.	Sensitive.	Complacent.
Laura Blackman	92 "	5 ft. 1 in.	May 31, 1881.	Baptist.	Retiring.	Dreamy.
Lydia Higgins.	112 1-2	5 ft. 1 in.	Jan. 27, 1884.	Orthodox.	Unassuming.	Demure.

Name.	Opinion of Opposite Sex.	Favorite Employment	Future Occupation.	Politics.	Nick-Name.
Alpha Leonard	They're all right.	Photography.	Undecided.	Republican.	Allie.
Arthur Whetton	The greatest enemy of man. "We love our enemies."	Theatre-going.	"Avertisseur."	Republican.	Artie.
Pauline Berthold	Think themselves of too much consequence.	Taking long walks.	Designer.	Mugwump.	{ Pearlina. Polly.
Laura Willgoose	Superior to us in most respects.	Dancing.	Scholar.	Republican.	Dinah.
Helen Stevens	Some of 'em are nice.	Riding.	Professor.	Republican.	Doc.
Josephine Fernald	Indifferent—(?)	Bicycling.	Teacher.	Republican.	Jo.
Laura Harmon	Depends upon who it is.	Making candy.	Undecided.	Republican.	Harmony.
Gladys Wait	One of the blessings of life.	Taking early morning walks.	Undecided.	Democrat.	"Dicke."
Laura Blackman	Ye gods and little fishes!	Listening to music.	Would like to know herself.	Republican.	Laurie.
Lydia Higgins	Does n't dare to tell.	Embroidering.	Musician.	Republican.	Too dignified for one.

The Alumni Association.

NAMES OF PRESENT MEMBERS, WITH PRESENT ADDRESSES.

1868.

Caroline E. Gay (Mrs. J. F. Mills), Needham, Mass.

1871.

Emma L. Hatch (Mrs. F. G. Horton), Charles River Village, Mass.

1875.

Isabel A. Kingsbury, school teacher, Highlandville, Mass.

Isabel B. Mann (Mrs. Dr. A. M. Miller), Needham, Mass.

Alice E. Mayo (Mrs. C. A. Hicks), Needham, Mass.

Laura La Croix (Mrs. F. H. Tucker), Jamaica Plain, Mass.

1878.

Robertta J. Hardie, school teacher, Needham, Mass.

Frances M. Kingsbury, school teacher, Highlandville, Mass.

Ida S. Freeman (Mrs. E. A. Davis), Hamilton, Bermuda.

1880.

Jennie D. Mansfield, school teacher, Boston, Mass.

Charles T. Eaton, school teacher, Douglas, Mass.

1881.

Lewis E. Morgan, physician, Brookline, Mass.

Elliot F. Upham, U. S. Railway Mail Station, Lynn, Mass.

Emma L. Sutton, stenographer, Needham, Mass.

Addie E. Wright (Mrs. Thompson), New Braintree, Mass.

1882.

Arthur R. Hanks, machinist, Needham, Mass.

1883.

Frank C. Craft, drummer, Needham, Mass.

James F. Stanton, priest, Hyde Park, Mass.

1884.

Florence E. Eaton, school teacher, Needham, Mass.

Jessie M. Freeman, bookkeeper, Needham, Mass.

Charles H. Crowley, salesman, Needham, Mass.

Ida G. Buckley (Mrs. M. Low), Wakefield, Mass.

May E. Glancy, school teacher, Needham, Mass.

1885.

Frank E. Stedman Jr., dentist, Needham, Mass.

Charles M. Eaton, school teacher, Concord, Mass.

1886.

Alice McIntosh, school teacher, Needham, Mass.

Lizzie A. Lester, school teacher, Highlandville, Mass.

Florence E. Hathaway, stenographer, Needham, Mass.

Edith T. Eaton (Mrs. A. J. Lyman), Needham, Mass.

Gertrude M. Burkett (Mrs. Woodbury), Somerville, Mass.

Mary Stanton (Mrs. John Dwyer), Cambridge, Mass.

Susan T. Boyd, bookkeeper, Needham, Mass.

Anson W. Morgan, clerk, Needham, Mass.

Herbert J. Kellaway, lithographic artist, Newton Highlands, Mass.

John L. Twigg, druggist, Needham, Mass.

1887.

Alice Coombs, instructor, Waltham, Mass.

1888.

Maude A. Mercer (Mrs. H. J. Whittemore), Highlandville, Mass.

Lewis N. Harmon, clerk, Needham, Mass.

1889.

Alice E. Crowley, music teacher, Needham, Mass.

Wilbur W. Dewing, bookkeeper, New York, N. Y.

Pauline A. Russell, reader, Highlandville, Mass.

Edward P. Allen, nurse, Boston, Mass.

1890.

Helen L. Fuller, music teacher, Needham, Mass.

Lillian M. Wilson (Mrs. R. H. Bond), Needham, Mass.

Anna C. Kingsbury, stenographer, Needham, Mass.

Nellie C. Burkett, bookkeeper, Needham, Mass.

Frederick W. Lester, Jordan, Marsh & Co., Highlandville, Mass.

Florence E. Locke, school teacher, Dighton, Mass.

1891.

Michael J. Gilfoil, plumber, Needham, Mass.

Esther C. Thorpe, stenographer, Highlandville, Mass.

Lizzie M. Graves, unknown, Beverly, Mass.

Albert H. Spence Jr., minister, Needham, Mass.

Aimeé Jones, stenographer, Boston, Mass.

Charles McIntosh, stenographer, Needham, Mass.

1892.

Susie G. McIntosh, (Mrs. F. C. Whitney,) Quincy, Mass.
 Mabelle D. Fowler, (Mrs. A. M. Bruns), Roxbury, Mass.
 Ida R. Mills (Mrs. H. J. Whetton), Highlandville, Mass.
 Lewis E. Hart, clerk, Charles River Village, Mass.
 Allston R. Bowers, bookkeeper, Needham, Mass.
 Helen W. Leach, school teacher, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Charles A. Allen, with Springfield Silver Plating Co., Springfield, Ohio.
 Emma E. Lester, stenographer, Needham, Mass.
 Frank O. Woodruff, professor, Tabor, Iowa.

1893.

Mabel E. Gates, bookkeeper, Springfield, Mass.
 M. J. Collins, with automobile works, New York, N.Y.
 Mamie A. Tisdale, school teacher, Needham, Mass.
 Mabel F. McIntosh, stenographer, Needham, Mass.
 Jessie M. Wignall, stenographer, Millbury, Mass.
 William H. Stanton, at school, Cambridge, Mass.
 Hermia A. Riley, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Bertha Blackwood, clerk, Boston, Mass.
 Minnie M. Gorse, stenographer, Highlandville, Mass.
 Ella R. Blaisdell, (Mrs. W. E. Austin, Jr.) Jefferson, Mass.
 Herbert B. McIntosh, lawyer, Needham, Mass.

1894.

Lottie M. Morgan, (Mrs. Charles Measure,) Needham, Mass.
 E. Francis Fox, bookkeeper, Highlandville, Mass.
 W. N. Hart, clerk, Needham, Mass.
 Louize K. Smith, (Mrs. F. G. Hobbs,) Charles River Village, Mass.
 Emma N. Pond, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Frederic A. Jones, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Emma A. Allen, stenographer, Needham, Mass.
 Nellie M. Gilfoil, stenographer, Needham, Mass.
 Eva Chamberlain, at home, West Dedham, Mass.

1895.

Helen Lovell, at college, Medfield, Mass.
 Clara M. Sutton, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Edith M. Lord, music teacher, Needham, Mass.
 Joseph Stanton, druggist, Cambridge, Mass.
 Linnie Newell, stenographer, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Carrie L. Whipple, milliner, Needham, Mass.
 Austina M. Whittemore, at home, Cambridge, Mass.
 Lucie A. Carter, at home, Highlandville, Mass.

Florence T. Hutchinson, (Mrs. Matthews) Charles River Village, Mass.
 Frederic M. de Lesdernier, bicycle repairer, Needham, Mass.

1896.

Edith M. Willgoose, bookkeeper, Needham, Mass.
 Agnes M. Smith, at home, Charles River Village, Mass.
 Charles B. Moseley, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Alice M. Twigg, at college, Medford, Mass.
 John F. Gilfoil, plumber, Needham, Mass.
 Irving Southworth, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Marion R. Stevens, kindergarten teacher, Needham, Mass.
 Ella M. Horrocks, at home, Highlandville, Mass.
 Winthrop M. Southworth, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Josephine E. Blackman, music teacher, Needham, Mass.

1897.

Roy C. Southworth, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Lewis C. Tuttle, unknown, Needham, Mass.
 Ernest A. Wye, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Bessie de Lesdernier, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Mabel H. Ellis, at college, Medfield, Mass.
 Elizabeth A. Fitzgerald, at school, Needham, Mass.
 Alida E. Riley, stenographer, Needham, Mass.
 Bertha G. Coburn, school teacher, Pinsi, Penn.

1898.

Walter P. R. Pember, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Adah G. Fuller, stenographer, Needham, Mass.
 Ethel M. Willett, cooking teacher, Needham, Mass.
 Isabelle Boyd, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Amy L. de Lesdernier, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Annie Mitchell, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Florence E. Crossman, at college, Needham, Mass.

1899.

Catherine W. Clark, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Hannah R. Colburn, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Roscoe A. Carter, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Lulu M. Bailey, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Thomas J. Falvey, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Clarence A. Rathbone, at school, Needham, Mass.
 Ella Tuttle, at school, Needham, Mass.
 Elsie F. Wait, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Edith F. Tuck, at home, Needham, Mass.
 Percy E. Wye, at school, Needham, Mass.
 Walter H. Thacher, at college, Needham, Mass.
 Fred L. Carter, Jr., at college, Cambridge, Mass.
 Helen C. Peabody, at college, Needham, Mass.

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September 7, 1898,	Amount on hand,	\$22.25
December, 1898,	Loan to Business Manager,	20.00
	Balance,	<u>2.25</u>
January 1-31, 1899,	Receipts from December issue,	16.56
June 1, 1899,	Amount,	<u>18.81</u>
June 1-30, 1899,	Receipts from June issue,	16.56
	Unexpended Balance,	<u>\$35.37</u>

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Treasurer

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